

THE
Johnson Journal



December, 1948

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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Cover design by Charlotte Hutton

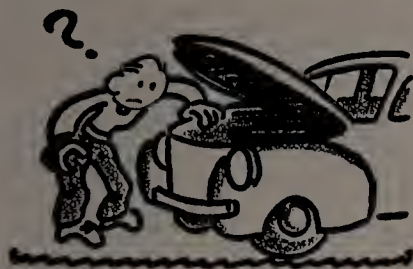
THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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NO. 1



EDITORIAL

On behalf of the Journal Staff I wish to dedicate this issue to the entire Freshman Class. We seniors are rounding out our school days here. For us the hands on the clock are fast swinging toward the twelve; for you the swing has just begun, they're pointing to the one. And so, we hope you'll make your four years here as full as you can. Study, study hard, but also participate in sports, and join in all the school functions you possibly can, for the more you put into these years, the more will stay with you.

The Journal is somewhat like a mirror that reflects, in part, the works, actions, and thoughts of the school. Soon, you will hold the handle of this mirror, and we hope that it will reflect for you four years of fun and study, team victories and dances, and best of all, a true school spirit.

Justine Fitzgerald, '49.

SAY IT WITH MUSIC

Will Johnson High ever "Say It With Music"? Our school has had bands off and on. What has happened to them? Some of the good players go out for sports; others have to work after school or don't want to make the effort to go to rehearsals. Why can't we have a band, when almost every other high school does? Do you boys

think you'll be called sissies? Are you girls too lazy? Don't you want to spend the time? Are you ashamed to play an instrument? Why, oh why, then, do you say, "Why doesn't Johnson have a band?" Get out and make an effort *yourself* to learn to play an instrument. I assure you that if we all work together to get a good band, every member of the faculty, student body, and band will be proud to call it their own.

There is nothing more inspiring or more spine-tingling than a good peppy band. Can't you picture a forty or fifty piece Johnson High School Band enhanced in red and black military uniforms, marching down the field spurring our team to victory?

Not all the blame for not having a band should be placed on the students. The school should give recognition to those who play in the band. This form of recognition could be a "J," possibly with a lyre background, to distinguish it from the athletic "J."

The School Committee should allow time for band rehearsals within the school curriculum, as part of the weekly schedule. Many high schools do this. It has been found the only satisfactory way. I know of one high school that has the first period three times a week for band rehearsals, and two times a week for orchestra rehearsals. In

this way the students have no excuses what-so-ever for not attending rehearsals.

I urge the student body to try and persuade the School Committee to give this a try next year. If this plan is given a fair trial, and then crumbles, I feel that Johnson High will never "Say It With Music".

Janet Knightly, '49.

"INFIRM OF PURPOSE?"

The world was in a state of chaos. Hunger, hatred, and disease spread through Europe. So in the winter of 1945 it was necessary for Prime Minister Churchill, Marshal Stalin, and President Roosevelt to meet again to consider many important issues; the most important of all, a conference of the United Nations to be held in San Francisco, April 25, 1945. China and France were invited to join in sponsoring the program.

On April 25, 1945, representatives of fifty countries assembled in San Francisco. Four principal commissions were set up to work out the details of the Charter.

Purposes and obligations were outlined as follows: Purposes (1) to maintain international peace and security by peaceful means, (2) to develop friendly relations among all, and (3) to achieve international cooperation in economic, social, cultural, and humanitarian needs.

Obligations: (1) to settle disputes peacefully, (2) to refrain from threats or use of force against another state, (3) to assist the United Nations in its undertaking.

Now the means of voting had to be decided. They finally decided that the great powers would have the Power of the Veto.

Here are some of the Aims of the United Nations: (1) cooperation between nations, (2) promotion of the prosperity of nations, (3) advancement of social progress, (4) freedom of religion and press, (5) control of armaments, (6) investigation of disputes among nations, and (7) keeping of peace.

One of the great powers has just ignored all the basic principles of the United Nations. On every issue, if it isn't to her benefit, she uses her veto; thus preventing the issue from becoming a law. This country completely ignores the Purposes and Obligations of the Charter. She ignores the Aims of the Charter.

The situation that she is causing is bringing the world to the brink of another war.

Aren't we, the rest of the world, strong enough to stop her misdeeds? Can't we abolish the veto? Can't we put some pressure on this country, so that the rest of the world can be safe from her grip? Can't we put a stop to her taking over other countries with her form of government which is in direct violation with the principles of the Charter? Are we going to allow her to overrun the world? With this magnificent plan to save the world from utter desolation, and to keep the world in peace, are we going to be "Infirm of Purpose?"

Joan Diamont, '49.

SCHOOL ASSEMBLIES

In almost every issue of the Johnson Journal the subject of "school spirit" is brought up. What about school assemblies?

Here at Johnson we have only three or four assemblies during the year, and since this is the only time the whole student body comes

together, we all miss the fellowship and good spirit which go with assemblies.

In the past assemblies have been dropped because of the behavior of some of the pupils. However, this is a new school year with many new pupils present, so why can't we try a new assembly program?

It sometimes seems hard to get a program together which will keep everyone interested, and prove valuable in some way. How about having the four classes each give

an assembly or, after clubs are started, the different clubs? Many people who live here in North Andover or teachers at Phillips Academy might speak on various subjects.

It is my belief that many interesting assemblies could be planned, and held often throughout the school year. But what is even more important, that much discussed "lack of school spirit" would undergo a great change.

Constance Chadwick, '49.



LITERARY

SILHOUETTES IN THE MOONLIGHT

On the beach of a small lake we see two silhouettes in the moonlight, a small boy named Butch and his puppy, named Killer. The boy is talking to Killer.

"Gee, Killer, I don't see why Dad wants to get rid of you. But you didn't have to do what you did yesterday. Right on our best carpet too. Oh Killer, I love you so much. That's why we're going to run away tonight, then I can be with you always."

Butch's father had been looking for his son, and finally decided to look on the beach. He sat down where his son was and put his arm across Butch's small shoulders. The boy looked up with tears in his eyes. The father cleared his voice and spoke.

"Son, I guess you can keep Killer if he means so very much to you."

He leaned over and scratched the dog's head. Butch was all smiles

now. Father and son walked up the beach hand in hand. Killer ran ahead of them, barking and leading the way.

Florence Towne, '52.

THE SILENCE OF NATURE

The stream bubbled noisily over the mossy stones of the meadow bank. It gurgled and pushed its way around a grassy bend and dropped suddenly into a quiet pool bordered by slender willows and tall, stately oak trees. In the pool swam scores of mountain trout. They maneuvered about lazily, now and then dimpling the surface of the pool in search of edible insects.

Suddenly a hulking shadow darkened the surface of the water and hardly had the fish realized their danger when a huge, hairy paw descended on them viciously, and a plump young trout was thrown gasping and flapping onto the mossy bank.

Leisurely the big black panther turned to retrieve his prey and

found himself face to face with a large and formidable looking grizzly bear who was standing on a boulder, nonchalantly devouring the fish.

A roar of rage burst forth from the panther as he crouched to spring. For a second he hesitated and then with a coughing snarl launched himself toward the hated bear.

As he sprang the bear rose on his hind paws and flared savagely at the panther. One huge forepaw with its five, wicked, curving claws struck the panther full in the face, and he collapsed in mid air. With a growl the bear pounced on the limp body and ripped it into lifeless shreds. Then he turned and ambled off into the forest. All was silent.

The stream still flows ceaselessly onward, and the trout still swim in the quiet pool, and the trees still sway in the gentle breezes giving little clue to the terrible struggle for existence that happened on the banks of this small mountain stream.

Dave Hamilton, '50.

POP AND HIS BILLS

"Bills, bills, and bills! All I ever see around this house is bills!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, looking over his monthly bills.

"Joyce, where are you" shouted Pop.

"I'm in the kitchen, Dad."

"Will you come here?" said Dad in an angry voice.

"Yes, Dad," Joyce said in a low and slow tone.

"What is this extravagant bill of sixty-five dollars?"

"That's for my cheerleader outfit, Dad."

"My dear daughter, you are go-

ing to pay for that uniform out of your allowance."

"Ohhhh Daddy!!"

Just then Mother came in the front door and heard all the shouting.

"What's all the commotion about?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Did you see this — this bill? Sixty-five dollars for a scanty uniform!" shouted Mr. Brown, as he was slowly turning red with anger in his face.

"I told her to buy that uniform, John."

"But, Martha, sixty-five dollars is a lot of money these days!"

"You're going to pay for it, and that's all there is to it."

"But Martha . . ."

"By the way, the garage man came and gave me a bill for \$250 for a lathe or something; explain that."

Not another word was said. Dad went back to figuring his bills; Joyce went back to her dishes, whistling; Mother went upstairs to take off her hat and coat.

"Aw, heck," said Mr. Brown, "a man just can't win, can he!!"

Harry Beckwith, '50.

TREASURE CHEST

They had finally located it far below in the deep, murky water of the Atlantic Ocean. For one year they had looked for it, risking their lives for gold, and now that they had located it they were ready for diving.

It was a dark and dreary day but they were going to put a man over the side to find out which way the sunken ship lay, what shape it was in, and, if possible, where the vault was which contained the treasure.

Over the side went the diver. Deeper, deeper, deeper he pene-

trated the murky depths, until 200 feet below he hit the slanting deck of the captain's bridge. The ship, tilted at a 45° angle, gave no easy footing for the diver who couldn't see five feet in front of him. The treasure, he knew, was in the captain's cabin. Creeping forward on hands and knees he found the door of the captain's cabin open. With his 1000 watt lamp he cautiously pushed into the room and looking around found the vault lying on its side in the corner. Signaling for a wire to take it up, he saw he could rig it up very easily. In a very few moments down slid the wire out of the blackness from above. Realizing his time was running short, he hurried. Getting the vault set, he got ready to signal to pull away. All at once he felt a slight tremor. Was it his nerves or was it the ship. Once again he felt the tremor and the ship began to slide, starting towards the door he found his air lines were fouled up. Just then the ship went over.

Starting down the other diver's line another diver found only great bellowing clouds of mud and no trace of diver or ship.

Daniel Long, '50.

"WHAT THE TIDE BRINGS IN"

The rusty brass knob turned slowly in its weather-beaten latch. The squeaking door opened with a terrific screech, like that of grimy steel being drawn slowly over a plate of glass, indicating the need for oil. There on the threshold stood a man with a wrinkled sailor's cap in hand. His tall, lanky, but muscular body was scarcely clothed with a jumper wet with sweat and unbuttoned in the front,

a pair of unpressed, fish-smelling, sea-soaked trousers that clung to his legs, and a pair of calf-high boots.

He stumbled exhaustedly into the darkness of the shanty, the door closing behind him. Fumbling over a chair, he made his way to a table where he lighted a dingy old dust-covered lamp. The pale moon-like rays shone all about, revealing to the eye cobwebs in the corners, dirt on the floor, and dust in thick layers covering the furnishings, consisting of an old oaken table, one broken chair, and a dingy but once beautiful hand-woven torn rug. These were the only furnishings except for the old shiny stack lamp, a calendar with a picture of a boat named "The Sea-Gull," and a rickety old bunk in the far corner, unmade and very untidy.

He stripped off his shirt and sat heavily on his bunk and put his head into his hands evidently to rest his weary mind. You could scarcely tell by his unshaven, weather-beaten face and crude calloused hands that he had spent many long years on the sea as a sailor, and that that was where his heart belonged. It was this fact that intrigued me to look more closely at him, and as he lifted his face, I saw his salt-parched lips that crinkled into a crackling smile at the corners. His eyes were of a grayish hazel in color, and I could see no hatred, which was what I had expected, but only kindness, loyalty and a spark of love. This was the last I saw of him, for he then rose and blew the light out and evidently retired, while darkness recovered the shanty letting him lie in peace. Here was the man people called, "God of the Sea."

Robert Dufresne, '50.

VICTORY

The final gun sounded announcing the climax of another thrill-packed football game. A cloud of confetti, hats, and programs arose out of the stands and fluttered merrily into a crowd of light-hearted grid fans. The air was alive with shouts of praise from the milling throng of excited spectators. Glory to the deserving victorious eleven! Banners and streamers were well displayed by happy attenders. It seemed that everyone was carefree as the exhausted gridsters trudged triumphantly off the battlefield to a well earned shower.

George Knightly, '52.

MY INTENTIONS WERE GOOD

Ever since I could remember, my sister Mary had complained about not being blessed with naturally curly hair. If one bead of perspiration appeared on her forehead, her carefully set hair turned into a shaggy mop. Damp days only meant straight bangs and straighter ends.

One hot evening when the complaining was louder than usual, I decided to *do* something about it. I made up my mind to give my loving sister the curly hair she had never had. This, I thought, would be my good deed for the day.

I whipped out my trusty "Toni Home Permanent Set" and went to work on the head of my desperate sister.

I had never given a permanent to anyone, but being of average intelligence, I considered myself capable.

After an hour of mixing various concoctions and struggling with bottles, papers and curlers, I was

ready to give up and admit I wasn't average after all, so I just dunked Mary's head in my invention, which smelled like decayed onions, and put her hair in curlers.

After the required amount of time had elapsed, I loosened the curlers, but instead of coming off, they stuck securely to the hair!

Just one inch of hair was left on Mary's head when I finally had to cut the curlers loose. My poor, woe-be-gone sister looked like a fugitive from the rock pile.

Maybe some time in the distant future, say in forty or fifty years, when my sister becomes a normal human being again, she'll forgive me, and realize even though I'll never be a hairdresser, at least my intentions were good.

Ruth Sanford, '50.

A Little Newsboy Looking in a Window On a Cold Christmas Eve

The little boy was looking in the window, viewing all the gifts displayed with much pleasure. He had his tiny freckled nose pressed against the glass, and his eyes were shining brightly. He seemed to like the color of the decoration as well as the gifts, the red and green lights, the silver tinsel. He felt he'd like to own all those gifts in the window. If he had that beautiful baseball glove it would make him very happy. Then he thought maybe he could walk right in that big store and buy it because he had made enough money selling his papers. He shivered a little and hopped back and forth on each foot. Maybe someone would give him a Christmas present and it would turn out to be a glove just like that one. Then he remembered his old glove. Yes, it was old and a little worn, but he liked

it. It seemed to fit his hand just right, because he had used it so many times. He looked in the window at the glove once more and then turned away quickly. He remembered the papers under his arm, and he had to sell a few more. He began to shout in a loud, boyish manner, "Papers! Get your evening papers!"

James McEvoy, '50.

NIGHT-MARE

It was dark all around me. I didn't know where I was or how I got there. I seemed to be walking along a hallway, and I could feel walls on each side of me. There were shrieks and screams all around me. I kept following the passage in dread, wondering where it would lead me. Things seemed to be squirming about my ankles, but I didn't dare bend down to find out what they were. I started to run, trying to get away from them, but suddenly I hit a blank wall. Then an inhuman figure lunged up in front of me! I screamed and turned to run back through the same passage I had come from but I couldn't find it. Finally I discovered another one, but going the other way. I started to run, anywhere, to get away from that thing.

As I walked along the dark passage I noticed a dim blue light shining ahead of me. I had a premonition then that I was in for another unpleasant episode. As I came nearer, it seemed to take on a sinister look. When I came to the doorway that it was coming from I saw a room, if you might call it a room, upside down. I couldn't believe my eyes. Everything was all twisted about. On the other side I could see a doorway, so I started on my journey

through the room. After stumbling all over myself and grabbing for something that wasn't there, I hung on to the doorway. I saw another black hallway, so I started on my journey again. Suddenly I saw a light ahead of me. This time it was daylight. I started to run as fast as I could under the conditions. Shortly I came to the opening where the daylight was shining through, and I saw people walking by. I stepped out of the opening and as you have probably guessed, it said in big letters, "Fun House."

Barbara Saul, '52.

WHAT AM I?

It's dark and somewhat quiet where I live. No one ever comes to see me except for my keeper, of course.

On "Indian Summer Days" I'm as quiet as can be. You can see no one needs me then. But on chilly winter days when snow is drifting around in billowy clouds people just can't stay away from me.

Most folks don't look anything like me. I'm big, almost touch the ceiling and have big fat arms that reach out in different directions. I also have a little round belly.

My digestive system is powerful, yours couldn't compare with it. And the food I eat? Well, we won't say just what it is, but I'll bet you couldn't eat it. Sometimes my tender comes poking around my stomach, and he disturbs my diet something awful.

Though no one comes to see me, and of course I can't go to see them, I'm very popular, and folks couldn't get along without me. You see I'm a "Furnace".

Betty Wilson, '52.

FARMER BROWN'S SURPRISE

The dried yellow corn stalks were cut and neatly put into various stocks and carefully put away in Farmer Brown's big red barn for the winter.

It was a cool October evening, and the sky was twinkling with stars, as the moon was coming up from over the hill. The night was silent and Farmer Brown was coming up the path of his barn to close the barn doors for the night. He calmly walked up to the last step. Upon entering the barn he stopped short and looked in, amazed. He saw tiny heads with large brown eyes, tiny red noses and smiles on their faces.

Farmer Brown very slowly said: "Who is here visiting my barn on this cool October eve? Are you here to take my belongings? Please leave my cattle which are sleeping peacefully in their bed of hay, and my corn stocks that I have cut and packed and put away for the winter months," but there was no reply.

Farmer Brown stepped slowly into the barn. He looked on both sides with fright, behind, in front, beside him, waiting for a tiny man to walk up to him and take hold of his arm, but not even an eye turned, nor a head twisted nor moved.

Very daringly Farmer Brown walked up to one of his unknown men and stood there, stunned, looking at nothing but jack-o-lanterns, sitting on the window-still making it look like Hallowe'en night.

He touched one and then another, and slowly walked down the line putting out their little lights. When he was through, he closed the door and walked down the path that led to his farm house. He hung his old torn hat on the hook, slid his heavy shoes off and got into his soft slippers. Then he sat in the old rocking chair and smoked his pipe peacefully, while he thought over what had happened.

Joan E. Canty, '50.



POET'S CORNER

IF WINDOWS COULD TALK

If windows could talk, what would they say?

Would it be of spring cleaning on a rainy day?

Would it be of a pair with the shutters shut,

While busybodies tried to push them up?

Would it be of love, or unknown hate?

Or a little girl with hair so straight?

Would it be of that salesman with something to sell,

Who continuously rang the bell?

Would it be that story of old,

Hard times turning young to old?

But windows need not talk nor spell,

For 'tis true, people always tell.

Marilyn Chase, '50.

AN ADVENTUROUS THEME

The night was dark,
The earth was still,
Bright was the sky with stars;
In my slumbering that night
I took a trip to Mars.

I climbed into my rocket ship,
It started with a roar,
Some distant planet in the heavens
I had hopes to explore.

As I sped along my way
In the star-spangled sky,
The twinkling stars seemed to say,
"Your goal is drawing nigh."

I landed on the soil I sought
With hopes and doubts and fears;
To my relief I found no life
On this God forsaken sphere.

When I awoke the next sunrise,
I found 'twas but a dream;
For this exciting trip to Mars
Was just an adventurous theme.

David Hamilton, '50.

HOMAGE TO AUTUMN

The autumn descended upon us
So quietly and slow,
I didn't even notice
The last of summer's glow.

Today I saw the colors
That only autumn brings,
The reds and browns and yellows,
Blended as a sight for kings.

The green that lined the trees
Changed into red and gold,
While woodlands sang together
In a harmony of old.

The magic of this splendor,
This beauty giving all,
Was made by unseen powers above
Magnificent, glorious fall.

Joan Wild, '50.

FOUR SEASONS

There are four seasons in each year.
Of each a lot of talk we hear:
Summer, Winter, Spring and Fall
They come each year, each and all.

Sun and flowers with summer come,
Known and liked by everyone.
Our winters bring us ice and snow,
When skiing and skating are all
the show.

In spring the crocus shows its face;
At last winter has lost its place.
In fall the leaves begin to drop:
I sometimes think they will never
stop.

Evelyn Roche, '51.

AUTUMN'S MESSAGE

Brilliant leaves are slowly drifting
To the rich warm earth below.
Soon this flaming fairyland
Will disappear beneath cold snow.
The fragile hues of gold and green
Will vanish soon and not be seen
'Til autumn comes again to say
She's started winter on the way.
The breath of autumn leaves the
air,
The countryside's been painted
fair.
A burning sight for eyes of men,
Until she calls next year again.

Ruth Sanford, '50.

STELLAE

O stars that shine up in the sky,
Look down on you and me.
Stars that see the wild birds fly,
And all of nature see.

The stars were placed by God
alone,
And have stood in the sky so long,
So many secrets you have known,
And looked on a thousand wrongs.

And when, as stars, you fade away,
Before the morning light,
You promise us a lovely day,
From the starlit night.

Anne Whipple, '49.

ALONE

If you have ever been alone
At night and heard the noises thin,
You'll understand just how I felt
The evening that I stayed at home.
'Twas April and the April show'rs
Were dashing on the window pane,
Somehow each board just seemed
to creak.

And shadows pranced on every
wall.

One time I thought I heard the
sound

Of footsteps coming up the stairs.
I tried to read but tried in vain
With creepy noises every place
So I resolved I'd never stay
At home again, at night, alone.

Edith Massey, '50.

THE OLD STORY

I'd like to hear the Christmas
Story told again once more,
Of the children listening eagerly
as they sprawl upon the floor,
About Santa and his reindeers and
all his pretty toys;

But all these gifts are made for
just good little girls and boys;
And on the quiet Christmas Eve
when we are snug in bed,

We listen very carefully to hear
hoof beats over head,
And then we think again about
that very old Christmas Story,
Of children who write letters to
Santa to praise and give him
glory,

And in that sleigh with silver run-
ners sits that jolly man,
Trying in vain to fulfill as many
wishes as he can.

Dorothy Alvino, '50.

NATURE'S PARADISE

A little crystal lake formed by
many clear gurgling brooks that
laugh and sing on their way.

Some graceful birches with
leaves of green and yellow, their
bark of purest white.

Elm trees tall and stately, hidden
partly by pines.

Oak trees with many acorns cov-
ering the forest floor beneath the
trees.

Maples with the sweetest of
syrup in spring and the most beau-
tiful of leaves in the fall.

Flowers that scent the air with
the most delicate of perfumes and
birds with the most brilliant colors.

Right now it is fall; the flowers
have gone, the leaves of some trees
have fallen.

The maples are all flaming
colors.

Leaves of purest crimson and
gold, flame red, orange and light
yellow, green and brown, and
faintly purple.

The lake is still as clear, the
brooks still as merry, the birches
still as graceful, and the elms still
as stately as in the spring.

Winter will soon be here and
everything will be covered with
snow and ice.

Only one skater will be seen on
the lake because no one has dis-
covered it yet.

No hunters have come for deer
and no trappers have come for
beaver.

I shall hold its secret as long as
I can because it's *Nature's* para-
dise.

Charlotte Kelley, '52.



RECORD

GRADUATES OF 1948

- Adler, Paul—Air Corps.
 Alvino, Andrew—Chauncey Hall.
 Auer, Irene—MacIntosh.
 Auer, Charles—Kimball Union.
 Awley, Arthur—Trombly's Service Station.
 Ballantine, Nancy—Wheaton College.
 Black—Dorothy—At home.
 Broderick, Marie — Massachusetts General Hospital.
 Brown, Edward—Pacific Mill.
 Canty, Claire—Pacific Mill.
 Chamberlain, Mary—Osgood Mill.
 Champion, Elaine—Bunny's Restaurant.
 Clark, Kenneth—Brown's Bobbin Shop.
 Clasby, George—Navy.
 Connell, Nancy—St. Luke's Hospital.
 Consoli, Louise—Emmanuel College.
 Cooney, Barbara—Osgood Mill.
 Cousins, Archie—Lettering trucks in North Carolina.
 Curley, Marion—At home.
 Currier, Pat—Liberty Mutual.
 Cyr, Buddy—Working for father.
 Dolan, John—Army.
 Driscoll, Joan—MacIntosh.
 Driscoll, Robert—Lawrence Paper Mill.
 Driscoll, William—St. Michael's, Vermont.
 Ebersbach, Cynthia—John Hancock Insurance Co.
 Eldridge, Alva—Army Air Corps.
 Etchells, Marion—Kresge's.
 Farrell, Edward—Shawsheen Mill.
 Fessenden, Janice—Telephone & Telegraph, Haverhill.
 Galvagna, Marie—Simmons College.
 George, Eleanor—Wheaton College.
 Gillespie, Barbara—Lowell Teachers' College.
 Gosselin, Bernardine — Delmars and MacIntosh.
 Gravel, Richard—Howard's.
 Greenler, Philip—Villanova.
 Gucciardi, Jessie—Lawrence General Hospital.
 Gucciardi, Lucy—Burdett.
 Guthrie, Joseph—Kirk's Market.
 Hamilton, June—Worcester City Hospital.
 Hanscom, Willis—At home. Was working in Maine on farm.
 Hickey, Mary Clare—Emmanuel College.
 Ippolito, Francis — Wilson Steel, MacIntosh School.
 Jordan, Richard—King's Point.
 Kelleher, Claire—At home.
 Kooistra, Jack—Phillips Academy.
 Lambert, Ethel—Gordon College.
 Lee, Marjorie—Boston University College of Liberal Arts.
 Lundgren, Jackie—At home.
 Marshall, Barbara—Burdett.
 MacCannell, John—Eagle-Tribune.
 MacCannell, William — Rook's, Furrier.
 McCoy, Gloria—Brockleman's.
 Mahoneq J e a n — Bridgewater Teachers' College.
 Mangano, Laura—MacIntosh and Mangano's Plumbing.
 Mitchell, Evie—Wood Mill.
 Nicosia, Charles—Nicosia's Market.

Scanlon, Pat—Pacific Mill.
 Schofield, Muriel—Burdett.
 Schackleton, Don—Alvino, Contractor.
 Schmottlach, June—B. U. School of Practical Arts and Letters.
 Shottes, Mary—Messina's Market.
 Torrisi, Rose—New England Insurance Co.
 Turner, Ruth—Emmanuel College.
 Twomey, Margaret—Sutherland's.
 Weigel, Gus—Weigel's Market.
 White, Peter—Union College.
 Wilkinson, Robert—Wood Mill.
 Winning, Joseph—Greenwood Estate.
 Wolfendon, John—Union College.
 Wood, Leon—Morin's Restaurant.
 Wilcox, Shirley—Lowell Teachers' College.
 Vose, Bernadette — Pierce Secretarial School.
 Gaudet, Virginia—Boston College.
 Campbell, Norman—Class of 1946.
 Transfer to third year of Brown University.

STUDENT COUNCIL

The Student Council has elected as president, Fred Soucy; vice-president, Marge Schofield, and secretary, Grace Stewart. They're all fine choices, and we're sure they'll all do a good job.

The Council has made out a dance schedule for the year. Here it is:

November 4—Freshman - Senior Dance.
 November 19—Victory Dance, (Student Council).
 December 3—Football Dance, (Team and Cheerleaders).
 January 14—Prom Benefit.
 February 11—Journal Dance.
 March 4—Girls' Basketball Dance.
 March 25—Sophomore - Junior Dance.

April—Annual School Play.

June 3—Junior-Senior Prom.

The Student Council sponsored a very worthwhile project, that of diminishing the destruction of property on Hallowe'en. They sent representatives to each of the grammar schools to talk to the pupils, and tell them of ways to have fun and still not destroy public or private property. We feel that this project was successful and that a similar project should be sponsored each year.

THE SPONSOR SYSTEM

For the first time the sponsor system, now used by many schools all over the country, is being introduced at Johnson High. The purpose of this plan is to help the new freshmen to adjust themselves to the routine of high school life with ease and grace. Each of the twenty-two senior girls and boys participating has four freshmen brothers or sisters whom he will see at least once a month. At this time he will answer any questions about the school work or social life, and help in every way that he can with any problems that may arise. Every freshman has his troubles, and in this way we hope to eliminate them as soon as possible and thus enable freshmen to more quickly be ready to enjoy the privileges and share in the responsibilities of our school.

Jacqueline Meserve, '49.

NEW TEACHERS

This year we have three new teachers and a new music supervisor. They are Miss Henrietta Holz, Miss Ruth Mooradkian, Mr. John Finneran and Mr. Clarence Mosher, the music supervisor.

For this issue we have interviewed

Miss Holz and Miss Mooradkanian.

Miss Holz graduated from Sargent College at Boston University in 1948. She received a degree in Physical Education. Miss Holz has a system of student coaches and referees in her gym activities. Senior girls act as coaches during games and other students act as referees. Miss Holz has organized an underclassmen volley ball team. The first game will be played on Friday, November 12. Miss Holz also teaches General Science and History.

Miss Mooradkanian graduated from Bradford Junior College in 1944 and from Boston University College of Liberal Arts in January of 1947. She also studied piano at the New England Conservatory of Music. Miss Mooradkanian is interested in Journal work and is our advisor for the Journal. English and Mathematics are the subjects taught by Miss Mooradkanian.

Mary Finn, '49.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club elected for its officers: Thomas Driscoll, President; Roberta Willoughby, Vice-President; Lois Buchan, Secretary; Mae Murray, Treasurer.

The club is planning many activities and plays for the coming year under the direction of Miss Donlan, the faculty adviser.

UPPER CLASS SUB-DEB CLUB

Officers are Ruth Davis, President; Eva Ludquist, Vice-President; Justine Cyr, Secretary; Joan Finn, Treasurer. Upper Class Sub-deb Club girls have been assigned to give lectures on social etiquette and other topics of interest.

Miss Sheridan and Miss Torpey are the faculty advisers.

SEWING CLUB

The "Quickies," as they call themselves, are preparing to do a lot of sewing.

Their officers are: Jane Brown, President; Marilyn Caliri, Vice-President; Dorothy Alvino, Secretary-Treasurer. Miss Buckley is the faculty adviser.

FRESHMAN SUB-DEB CLUB

The Freshman Sub-debs choose for their club leaders: Carolyn Dushame, President; Elizabeth Doucette, Vice-President; Evelyn Stone, Secretary; Barbara Saul, Treasurer.

The teacher in charge is Miss V. Chapman. They are arranging to work on handicraft.

CHEF'S CLUB

William Smith was elected the Head Chef of the Chef's Club. His assistant is Gilbert Lundquist. The Secretary - Treasurer is James Tamagnine. Robert Longbottom and Charles Roebuck have been assigned to buy the food. Miss Neal is the faculty adviser.

BOOSTERS' CLUB

At the first meeting of the Boosters' Club, an election of officers was held. The President, Donald Farrow; Vice-President, Francis Rivet; Secretary, Grace Stewart, Treasurer, Marjorie Schofield. The members of the committee are Joan Connors, Charlotte Killam, Richard Dearden and James Kennedy. Mr. Lee is the faculty adviser.

The club held a rally on November 24, the night before the Punchard game. They received many supporters and much school spirit was displayed. At the game they had a section roped off for cheering.

PHOTOGRAPHER'S CLUB

These were the results of the election held at the first meeting of the Photographer's Club. Robert Finneran was chosen as President, Sheila Cronin as Vice-President, Joan Reilly as Secretary, and Frank Lee as Treasurer.

Colored slides were also shown at the meeting and it was decided to conduct contests for the best snapshots taken by its members.

ART CLUB

Robert Dufresne, Roger Camf, Teddy Fowler and Betty Wilson were selected as officers of the Art Club. They plan to make bracelets, draw, and do other things of interest. They are supervised by Miss Butler.

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

The Sophomore Class officers are: President, Clarence Scheipers; Vice-President, Jane Broderick; Secretary-Treasurer, Ellen Driscoll.

This is Clarence Scheiper's first year as President. He is a handsome athletic individual with plenty of energy. We are all sure that he will have a very successful year. Good luck, Clarence!

June Stead.

HOBBY CLUB

The Hobby Club chose David Rand as President, Ray Lewis as Vice-President, Donald Alexander as Secretary and Ernest Nelson as Treasurer. Miss C. Chapman is the faculty adviser.

Members of this club bring their various hobbies to school during club periods. They have had some excellent displays of many different kinds of collections.

Arthur Forgetta, '49.

FRESHMAN CLASS REPORT

In a recent election the Freshman Class elected George Knightly as President; Robert Thomson, Vice-President; and Patricia Scarry as Secretary-Treasurer.

George Knightly comes to Johnson from the Thomson School. He is a promising athlete, good student, and well liked by both teachers and classmates.

Charlotte Kelley, '52.

**INTERNATIONAL
RELATIONS CLUB**

The results of the elections at the International Relations Club were as follows: President, Justine Fitzgerald; Secretary, Mary Finn; and Treasurer, Arthur Forgetta. Miss Cook is the faculty adviser.

As in the past, this club plans to discuss international problems that confront us.

JUNIOR CLASS REPORT

In the Junior Class election last month, the following officers were elected: President, Robert Hagen; Vice-President, Thomas Emmett and Secretary-Treasurer, Dorothy Alvino. Bob is a member of the football team and well liked by all. Tommy, full of pep and enthusiasm, will fill his office well. Dot has been Secretary-Treasurer for two years now and everyone knows what a wonderful job she's done. We are sure that our class officers will have a very successful term and they can be sure that the class will support them.

Selecting the class rings was one highlight for the Junior Class last month. We believe our choice was a good one and we'll all be very pleased to wear them.

A special event on the social calendar for the Junior Class is the

Class hayride. The committee has been hard at work making plans to assure that everyone will have a wonderful time. We're sure they will.

Nancy Schuster.

CLASS PICTURES

The Senior Class voted Loring Studio as their class photographer. In the contract Loring promised the pictures ordered, plus a glossy, one colored miniature or enlargement free, a specified amount of advertising for the year book, and all group and candid shots taken free of charge.

A student is not obliged to have his pictures taken at Loring, but it is more ethical to have it done.

Kay O'Keefe, '49.

FRESHMAN-SENIOR DANCE

On November fourth, the Freshman-Senior dance was held at Stevens Hall. The hall was decorated in gold and brown. The dance was well attended, a lot of fun and a great success.

Kaye O'Keefe.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President: Fred Soucy.

Vice-President: Marjorie Schofield.

Secretary-Treasurer: Mary Finn.

Fred Soucy has been elected to the presidency of his class for four years. This is certainly something of which to be proud. Fred gets things done without much fuss and bother. Fred is just a swell person as everyone knows.

Kaye O'Keefe.

SPORTS



1948 FOOTBALL SQUAD

Coach: George F. Lee.

Assistant Coach: Philip Miller.

Co-Captains: James Kennedy, Donald Farrow.

Faculty Manager: John Finneran.

Managers: Simon, Stewart, Beckwith.

Regular lineup:

Names	Position
Tamagnine	Center
Bamford	Right Guard
Dearden	Left Guard
Hagen	Right Tackle
Lundquist, G.	Left Tackle
Rivet	Right End

Ness Left End

Farrow Quarter Back

Driscoll, J. Right Half Back

Kennedy Left Half Back

Doherty, J. Fullback

Substitutes:

Ends: Taylor, Green, Florin, Finn, Schofield.

Backs: Kasheta, Connell, Knightly, Alexander, Stewart.

Guards: Thomas, P. Driscoll, R. Lewis.

Centers: Lee, O'Melia, T. Driscoll.

Tackles: Midgely, Balzius, Zuill, Scheipers, Rand, Wentworth, Dufresne.

FOOTBALL

The 1948 football season started with a thunderous roar when Johnson encountered an aggressive Tewksbury eleven for the season's opener at Grogan's Field. Our little band of warriors steam-rollered over their opposition scoring three touchdowns in the first half and one in the fourth canto before the final whistle. Joe Driscoll, the star of the game, scored three of the four Red and Black's touchdowns. Johnson was the victor, 26-13.

The following week, with the initial game under its belt, the Red and Black invaded Franklin, N. H., where they encountered a rough-playing and strong team. Our boys played hard but finally succumbed to the tune of 14-0. It was claimed to have been one of the roughest games ever played in that city in many years.

With a 1-1 record the Red and Black eleven traveled to Chelmsford where it tasted defeat for the second time of the season. A weak forward wall and a porous aerial defense spelled defeat for our boys as they vainly tried to down Chelmsford. At the final whistle Johnson was trailing, 18-6.

The annual gridiron classic between Johnson and Methuen was played at the latter's field on Columbus Day. Considered the underdog, our light band of determined warriors outran and outplayed a much heavier Blue and White aggregation. Although they were trailing at the end of the first half, our boys returned and dumped Methuen into the lost column. Touchdowns by Franny Rivet and Joe Driscoll and an after touchdown rush by Joe Driscoll, which proved to be the win-

ning margin for Johnson, put our boys back into the win column. The final score was 13-12, Johnson the victor.

The following Saturday our boys played host to a heavier Northbridge eleven. Playing heads-up ball, the fighting Red and Black scored two touchdowns in quick succession to lead, 13-0, at the end of the first half. The second frame saw a see-saw battle in which neither side scored, although, at times, Northbridge showed some sparks of life. Our warriors were the victors, 13-0.

With a three and two record carefully tucked under its belt, Coach Lee's team trekked to Wilmington where they were beaten down by a high powered eleven. Holding its opponents scoreless in the first half, Johnson succumbed during the final stages of the game. At the final whistle Johnson was trailing, 12-0, Wilmington remaining in the undefeated class.

The following week Johnson traveled to Athol where it was decisively beaten in the last quarter of the game. Making two touchdowns through the air in quick succession, Johnson led, 13-6, as the halfway mark came to a close. But the second frame proved to be a different story. Athol tied the count at thirteen all in the third period and went on to score two more touchdowns before the final whistle. As the game ended Johnson was trailing, 26-13.

Seven days later the Red and Black entertained Ipswich at Grogan's Field. Once again our fiery charges ran wild as they flattened out their opposition scoring touchdown after touchdown. Leading 24-0 at half time, our warriors returned to score another touchdown and dash away all hopes for an

Ipswich victory. Johnson was the victor, 30-12.

Johnson High bowed to Billerica a week later when our boys were toppled from the win column by a heavier team. A strong forward wall and a fast-breaking and speedy backfield spelled defeat for the Red and Black. But the Red and Black crossed into pay dirt once before the end of the game. The final score was 19-7, Billerica remaining in the undefeated class.

The annual Turkey Day classic between Punchard and Johnson was played on the former's grid-

iron. Two Punchard forward passes, which registered for two touchdowns, defeated the Red and Black that morning under a drizzling rain. Joe Driscoll and Don Farrow who scored the touchdown and rushed the extra point respectively tallied for the only Red and Black score in the third quarter. The fighting Red and Black, playing hard, were finally suppressed by Punchard which was the victor. The score was 12-7, Johnson trailing at the final whistle of its football season.

R. Mooradkanian, '49.



EXCHANGES

The "Snap Stuff" column in the "Canary" from Allentown, Pennsylvania is very good.

"The Reflector" is one of the best and most varied publications we have received. Central Junior High, Saginaw, Michigan, has something to be proud of.

Congratulations on your new organized Student's Sport Club, Wakefield High. It's a grand idea.

From Colorado Women's College we receive "The Western Graphic." You have a fine paper. Your many

pictures make it very interesting.

Greetings to the "Brown and Gold" of Haverhill. Your editorial "October-Autumn's Ruler" is excellent.

Brookline High, we hope you have the North Wing added soon. Your paper is very good. We enjoyed "The Prince and the Pauper."

"Roun' Town with Tip" is an excellent column in the "Newtonite."

Janet Knightly, '49.



The Johnson Journal Staff

Wishes You

A Merry Christmas



JOKES

A lawyer was questioning a farmer about the truthfulness of a neighbor.

"Wal," said the farmer, "I wouldn't exactly say he was a liar, but I tell ye, when it comes time to feed his hogs, he has to git somebody else to call 'em for him."

Mrs. Brown was complaining to her doctor that his bill was unreasonably high. "Don't forget," he reminded her, "that I made 11 visits to your home while your son had the measles."

"And don't you forget," she countered, "that he infected the whole school."

A tourist was introduced at Albuquerque to an Indian with a reputedly perfect memory. Skeptical, the tourist asked: "What did you have for breakfast on October 4, 1813?" The Indian answered, "Eggs." The man scoffed, "Everyone eats eggs for breakfast. He's a fraud."

Eight years later the traveler's train stopped again at Albuquerque, and he saw the same Indian lounging on the platform. The tourist went up to him and said jovially, "How!"

The Indian answered, "Scrambled."

Stranger to a Student: What is the name of this school?

Student: Don't ask me, I only play football here.

"Why haven't you mended the holes in these socks?" he demanded.

"You didn't buy that fur coat I wanted," replied his wife, "so I figured if you didn't give a wrap, I didn't give a darn."

Mr. Finneran to Geometry Class: What is a polygon?

Yunggebauer: A dead parrot.

We are indebted to current publications for our jokes.

Willie Johnson, a beaten down little man, was arraigned in a Texas court on a felony charge. The clerk intoned: "The State of Texas versus Willie Johnson!" Before he could read further, Willie interrupted and solemnly declared, "Lawd! What a majority!"

Joe (Shoeman): Eddie, did you hear that they are making shoes out of banana peels?

Eddie: Honest, Joe?

Joe: Yeah, slippers!

Haughty teacher to a freshman: Young man, do you know who I am?

Freshman: No, Mam, but if you remember your address, I'll take you home.

Joe: Have you a picture of yourself?

Jack: Sure, why?

Joe: Then let me use the mirror, I want to shave.

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